
BIG ENTERTAINMENT
NEIL GAIMAN'S
MATURE SITUATIONS
MATURE LANGUAGE
GRAPHIC VIOLENCE
Lady JUSTICE
6
Woman About Town Part 1
DANIEL BRERETON
FRED HARPER
BRERETON 96
DIRECT SALES
$2.25 U.S. $3.10 CANADA £1.75 U.K.

NEIL GAIMAN'S

Lady JUSTICE

She Is Justice.

Represented since the beginning of time
as a robed woman, blinded, armed with
naught but a sword and a sense of balance.
A woman cut off from the masculine world
of clues and hard realities, forced into
the depths of her remaining senses –
touch, smell, taste, hearing.
A woman joined with her innermost self,
focused only on her mission. A woman
who cannot be deceived, cannot be fooled.
A woman blind...
...To all but justice.

"Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards
his mouth shall be filled with gravel."
—Proverbs 20:17

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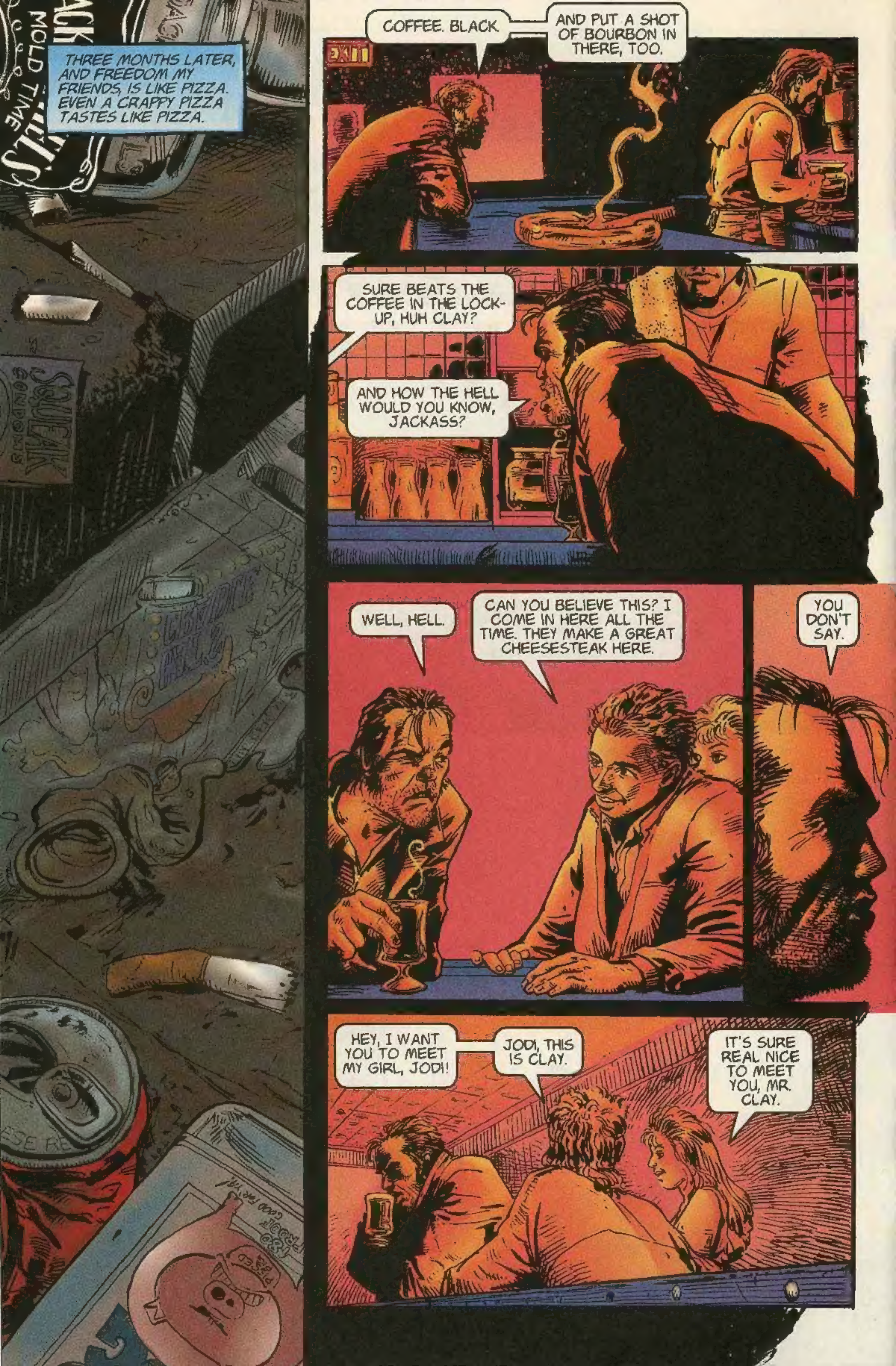
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I GUESS THE MAIN THING I SHOULD HAVE KEPT IN MIND THROUGHOUT THIS WHOLE CAPER IS THE RULE THAT INVOLVES KEEPING THE LADIES AT ARM'S LENGTH... AT ALL TIMES.
OTHERWISE, I COULDA' BEEN HOME IN BED BY NOW, WITH FIFTEEN LARGE IN THE COOKIE JAR.
NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THE DOOKY HAS HIT THE FAN. BUT TAKE HEART. NEITHER OF US HAS FIRED A SHOT. YET.
MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT JUST WHO IN HELL THE LADY WITH THE BLINDFOLD IS BEFORE ONE OF US POPS THE FIRST CAP.
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I JUST DON'T GIVE A SHIT. I'M TIRED. BARELY THREE MONTHS OUT OF THE CAN AND HERE I AM CONTENDIN' WITH GHOST WOMEN.
SOME SHIT, IS ALL...

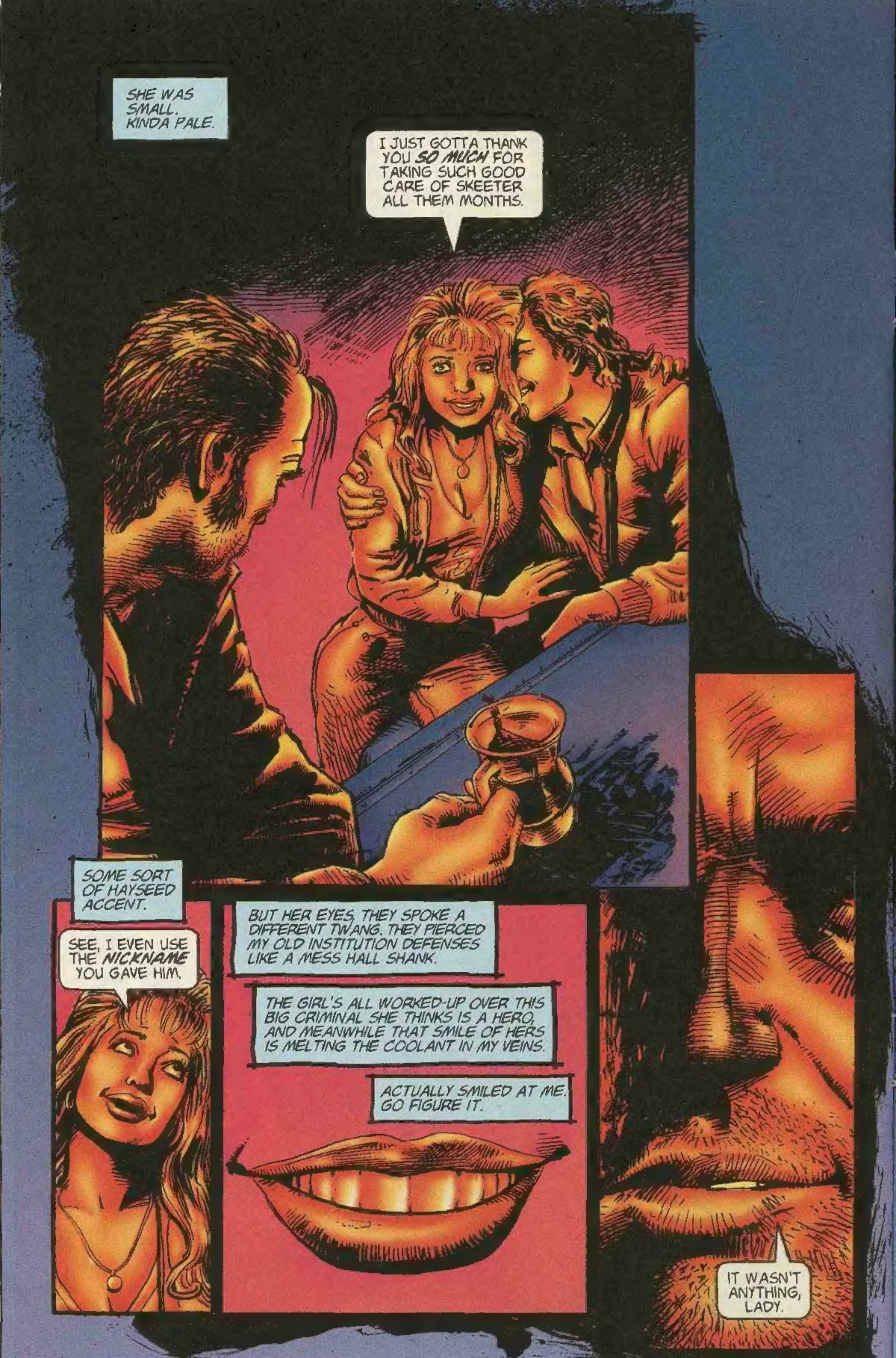

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN PART ONE
TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR
SCRIPT & COVER PAINTING BY DANIEL BRERETON
ART BY FRED HARPER
LETTERS BY MICHAEL A. PALMER
COLORS BY HEROIC AGE
EDITING BY CHRISTOPHER MILLS
SOMETIMES THINGS HAPPEN FOR A GOOD REASON, BUT DAMNED IF THEY DON'T SEEM DEAD OPPOSITE AT THE JUMP.
LIKE HOW THE BUTTHOLES WHO RUN THE PRISON HERE SPRUNG ME WITH THIS LUMP OF SHIT ON THE SAME DAY. HOW THEY DOPED THAT ONE OUT, I'LL NEVER KNOW.
KINDA WEIRD, HUH?
HUH. WHAT?


I GET PAROLED EARLY THE SAME DAY YOUR SENTENCE RUNS OUT. PRETTY WEIRD--WITH US BEING CELLMATES AND ALL.
YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE A BIG SCREW-UP TO ME.
I COULDA' WAITED AN EXTRA DAY AN' ENJOYED THE QUIET.
IT COULD TURN OUT TO BE A GOOD THING, THOUGH, CLAY. YOU ALWAYS TOOK CARE OF ME ON THE INSIDE...
HE WASN'T KIDDING. PATHETIC IS TOO KIND A WORD FOR IT. TOSSING THIS CHERRY INTO THE POKEY WAS JUST PURE CRUELTY. A PETTY THIEF WITH NO REAL SHEET, THIS CANDY BAR-EATER WOULDA' LASTED MAYBE A WEEK AS A HUMAN BEING WITHOUT ME TO LOOK AFTER HIM.
WHY'D I BOTHER? LET'S JUST SAY I STILL GOT A BIT OF MAMA'S GOOD BLOOD IN ME.
...YOU CAN GET ME UP CLOSE TO SOME REAL SCORES ON THE OUTSIDE.
YOU AND ME, WE WERE MEANT TO BE A TEAM. I TELL YOU--I GOT THINGS WIRED ON MY END, CLAY--WAIT'LL YOU SEE!
GLADES Rd.
NOW LISTEN UP, CHEESEDICK. WHEN WE GET ON THIS BUS, I'M GONNA SIT IN THE BACK...
...AND YOU'RE NOT. I DON'T WANNA KNOW YOU, OKAY? UNDERSTOOD?


THREE MONTHS LATER, AND FREEDOM MY FRIENDS, IS LIKE PIZZA. EVEN A CRAPPY PIZZA TASTES LIKE PIZZA.
COFFEE. BLACK.
AND PUT A SHOT OF BOURBON IN THERE, TOO.
SURE BEATS THE COFFEE IN THE LOCK-UP, HUH CLAY?
AND HOW THE HELL WOULD YOU KNOW, JACKASS?
WELL, HELL.
CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS? I COME IN HERE ALL THE TIME. THEY MAKE A GREAT CHEESESTEAK HERE.
YOU DON'T SAY.
HEY, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY GIRL, JODI!
JODI, THIS IS CLAY.
IT'S SURE REAL NICE TO MEET YOU, MR. CLAY.



REBELS OUTNUMBERED.
VADER APPROACHING.
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THE GALAXY IN A BOX
PARKER BROTHERS


SHE WAS SMALL. KINDA PALE.
I JUST GOTTA THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TAKING SUCH GOOD CARE OF SKEETER ALL THEM MONTHS.
SOME SORT OF HAYSEED ACCENT.
SEE, I EVEN USE THE NICKNAME YOU GAVE HIM.
BUT HER EYES, THEY SPOKE A DIFFERENT TWANG. THEY PIERCED MY OLD INSTITUTION DEFENSES LIKE A MESS HALL SHANK.
THE GIRL'S ALL WORKED-UP OVER THIS BIG CRIMINAL SHE THINKS IS A HERO, AND MEANWHILE THAT SMILE OF HERS IS MELTING THE COOLANT IN MY VEINS.
ACTUALLY SMILED AT ME. GO FIGURE IT.
IT WASN'T ANYTHING, LADY.

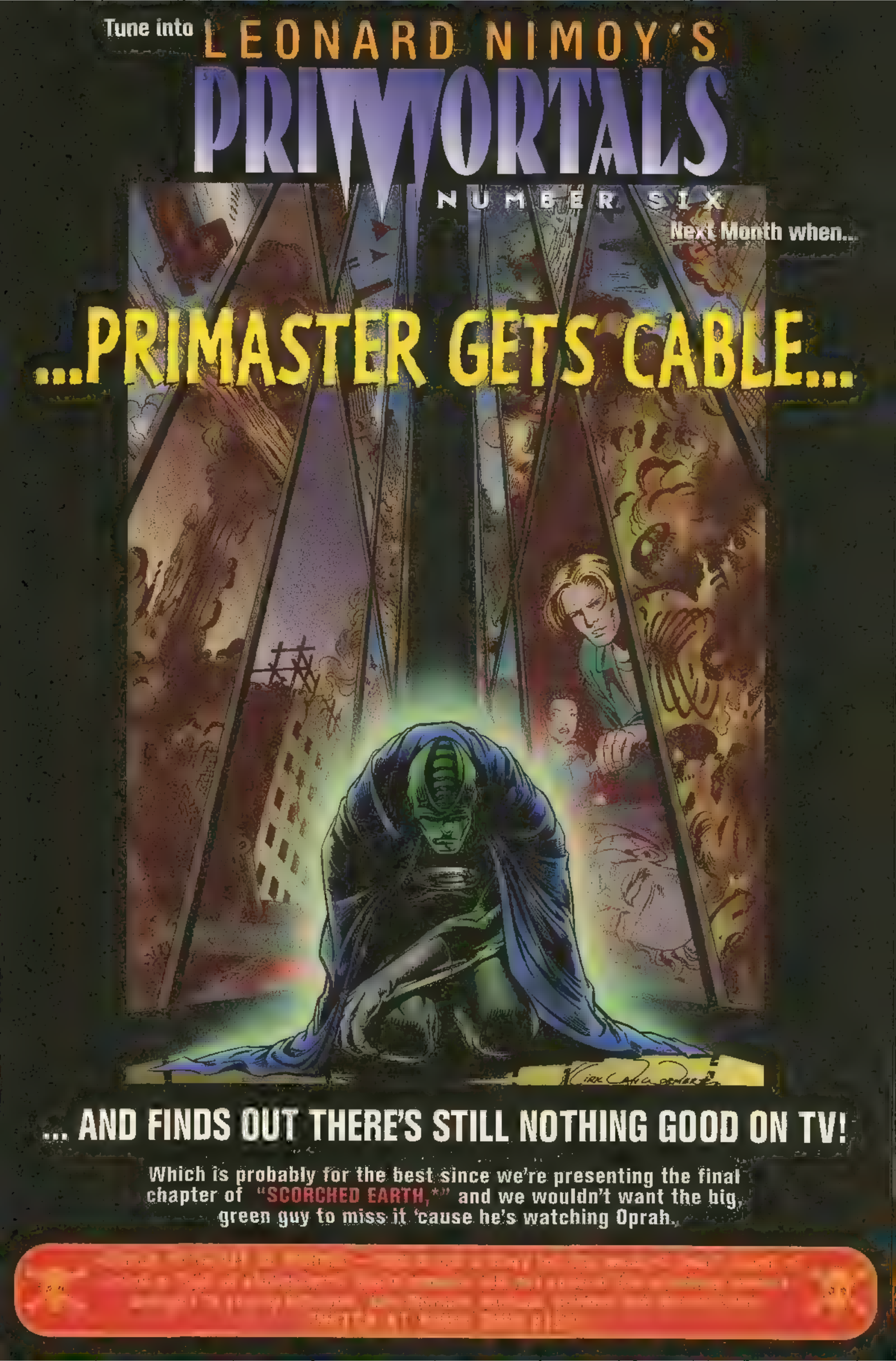


JODI EXCUSED HERSELF TO THE LITTLE GIRLS', AND THE KID DOESN'T MISS A BEAT. LAUNCHES RIGHT IN.
HE NEEDS THE MONEY BAD. THE JOB HIS PAROLE OFFICER SET UP FOR HIM IS FOR SHIT.
MY P.O.'S PRETTY EASY GOING, BUT THIS JOB JUST ISN'T HACKING IT.
UH-HUH.
LISTEN YOU THINK YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF ON A SCORE LIKE THE ONES I TAKE ON, SKEETER?
IT'S NOT LIKE HOLDING UP A QUICK-MART WITH A SPRAY-PAINTED SQUIRT GUN.
OH, HELLS, YES! YES, I COULD, CLAY.
WHAT ABOUT THIS P.O. OF YOURS?
I GOT MY P.O. IN MY BACK POCKET. LIKE A PEZ DISPENSER, CLAY. I GOT MY P.O. WIRED-IN JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT. NO WORRIES THERE.
AS PER MY LUCK, I HAD NEVER MET A PAROLE OFFICER I COULD PUT IN MY POCKET. THEY'RE MOSTLY A BUNCH OF HARD-ASSED PRICKS WITH AN ITCH TO THROW YOU BACK IN YOUR CELL. BIGGER PRICKS THAN SOME OF THE SCREWS I KNEW INSIDE.
BUT I'D HEARD ABOUT THE EXISTENCE OF THE SOFT-SQUISHY KIND. THE KIND THAT TAKE MONEY.
LOOK AT YOU TWO. TWO SILLY EX-CONS.
YOU KNOW IT, BABY.
I HAD REASON TO KEEP THE KID CLOSE TO ME NOW.
THAT SMILE OF HERS.


I PITCHED THE CAPER BACK AT THEIR DUMPY APARTMENT, EXPLAINING HOW A LOCAL HOOD I'D GROWN UP WITH, JIM TORO, HAD SOME WORK AVAILABLE. A THREE MAN SCORE.
...ONE TO CARRY A SCATTERGUN, ONE MORE TO DRIVE. AND ME, 'COURSE.
YOU KNOW BIG JIMMY TORO? HE'S A BIG GUN,
HE'S A BIG SLOB. AND NOBODY CALLS HIM "JIMMY", KID.
BUT I CAN TRUST THE GUY. AND THIS IS A SWEET SCORE, SO HE'LL GET HIS CUT FOR LAYING IT OUT AND SUPPLYING THE GUNS, AS USUAL.
WHAT'S THE JOB?
I LIKE THAT SHE SHOWED INTEREST IN THINGS. I LIKED BEING AROUND HER.
A POKER GAME, HON.
MADE UP OF SOME CASH-HEAVY STREET PUSHERS. CONVENES ONCE A MONTH. HEALTHY STAKES, BUT THESE SCUMBAGS ARE WELL-ARMED.
WE'RE GONNA NEED A CAR.
I'M ON PAROLE, CLAY. ALL THEY'LL LET ME DRIVE IS A TEN-SPEED BIKE.
NOT MUCH FOR GETAWAY WHEELS.
WELL, WE'RE IN LUCK. MY GRAMMA'S GOT A HOT PINK NOVA PARKED IN HER CARPORT. LETS ME BORROW IT WHENEVER I WANT. HOW'D THAT BE?
THAT'S FINE, BUT WHAT'S THIS WE CRAP?
I'M YOUR WHEEL GIRL. YOU THINK I'D TRUST ANYONE ELSE WITH GRAMMA'S PRIDE AND JOY?
THIS GAL WAS TOO MUCH.


TWO NIGHTS LATER, THE GAME IS GOING FULL TILT. COME 11 P.M. WE PILED OUT OF GRANNY'S PRIDE AND JOY A BLOCK AWAY FROM THE SCORE ON A DARK SIDE STREET. YEAH, ALL THREE OF US.
ARE YOU CRAZY?
LISTEN, "WHEEL-GIRL". KEEP THE ENGINE WARM AND A SHARP EYE OUT. WE'LL BE IN AND OUT OF THERE. YOU HEAR ANY SHOTS, YOU STAY PUT UNTIL WE GET BACK.
HOLD IT TOGETHER, OKAY?
UH-HUH. OKAY. OH, BE REAL REAL CAREFUL, SKEETER!
BACK IN THE CAR NOW, HONEY. KEEP IT WARM FOR ME. WON'T BE A MINUTE.
COME ON, SNOTNOSE!


LOOKIT' YOU DID, LUPIE! YOU DUMPED YOUR SHIT ALL OVER, MAN!
OKAY, SO JUST GET OFF ME, ALREADY.
YOU FLUSHED MY FLUSH, JUNKIE!
KRAAACK!
HELL YOU HAD A FLUSH. YOU AIN'T HAD NO FLUSH.
MAN, THE CASH IS SOAKED!


Tune into LEONARD NIMOY'S
PRIMORTALS
NUMBER SIX
Next Month when...
...PRIMASTER GETS CABLE...
... AND FINDS OUT THERE'S STILL NOTHING GOOD ON TV!
Which is probably for the best since we're presenting the final chapter of "SCORCHED EARTH,*" and we wouldn't want the big, green guy to miss it 'cause he's watching Oprah.


BWAAAAAM!
OH MAN, IT'S A HIT!
KBLAUM
KBLAUM



DAMN IF THAT DIDN'T FEEL GOOD.
SHUT UP, CHERRY.
OHMANOHMAN OHMANOHMAN...
POPPING OFF A FEW BASTARDS AT THE JUMP USUALLY COOLS THE JETS OF ANY HOTSHOTS RIGHT QUICK...
'COURSE THESE GUYS WERE DRUG DEALERS. AND REAL DRUNK.
KABLAUM!


BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE SKEETER ACQUITTED HIMSELF NOT HALF BAD.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
HE KILLED A MAN FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME IN THAT GUNGY FLEATRAP, THOUGH MOSTLY IT WAS LUCK.
HUH. LOOK AT THAT.
MAN...WE KILLED THE WHOLE ROOM.
THE MONEY'S ALL COVERED WITH BOOZE.
WELL, MAYBE WE BETTER LEAVE IT HERE THEN...
HEH-HA. THAT'S, PRETTY FUNNY, CLAY.
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY. JODI'LL FIX YOUR ARM UP.


MY JODI, SHE WAS IN A NURSING SCHOOL BEFORE I GOT SENT UP, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?
MAN, SHE'S A BEAUTY.
YES, SHE IS.
HERE'S THE LOOT!
THERE'S A NICE STASH OF DOPE IN HERE TOO.
...CLAY... ?
BLAM


I'LL KEEP THE POWDER. YOU CAN KEEP THE CASH
IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, KID
W-WHAT *HAPPENED?* WHERE'S *SKEETER?*
WUMP
HE DIDN'T MAKE IT, DOLL.
YOU HEAR THEM *SIRENS?* WE GOTTA MOTORVATE.
WHERE IS HE?
HE'S *DEAD,* SWEETHEART. NOW WE HAVE TO *GO!*


FROM THE FILES OF...
Mickey Spillane's
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•MAX ALLAN COLLINS•TERRY BEATTY•HEROIC AGE•
•And introducing new penciler BRAD GORBY•
•Issue #07• On sale in OCTOBER•


H-HE'S DEAD?
SORRY, SWEETHEART. HE CAUGHT A BIG ONE HE COULDN'T THROW BACK.
OH, GOD. OH GOD, HE DIDN'T KNOW...
IT'S GONNA BE OKAY, BABY. EVERYTHING'S OKAY. YOU GOT ME BACKIN' YOU UP NOW, DON'T WORRY.
SKEETER DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW*. I HADN'T TOLD HIM YET.


NO REASON YOU SHOULD HAVE, BABY. IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, YOU SEE? IT'S JUST US NOW.
YOU BROKE-UP ALL THAT *ICE* IN MY VEINS, BABY. I'M GONNA TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU.
JUST LIKE I DID SKEETER WHEN WE WAS CELLMATES.
BUT FIRST I GOTTA SETTLE UP WITH MY *EMPLOYER*. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME NOW AND COME BACK FOR YOU LATER.
IT'S ALL GONNA BE *GRAVY* FROM HERE ON OUT.


'ROUND MIDNIGHT, I HOOK UP WITH BIG JIM TORO AT HIS PUB IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT
WORKING STIFFS LOUNGE
WORKING STIFFS IS EMPTY, SAVE FOR A FEW OF JIMMY'S FELLAS KNOCKING THE EIGHTBALL AROUND AND SMOKING DOPE.
YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU TOOK OUT THAT WHOLE ROOMFUL OF SCUMBAGS, AND ONLY COME AWAY WITH A MOSQUITO BITE ON THE ARM?
CHRIST, THAT'S BEAUTIFUL, CLAY. I ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE THE SHIT.
"...WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THE GUNMAN WAS DEAD AT THE SCENE. 27 YEAR OLD WILLIAM "SKEETER" BISCAYNE, A PAROLEE WITH A HISTORY OF PETTY THEFT, WAS APPARENTLY KILLED HIMSELF BY ONE OF THE NOW-DECEASED VICTIMS. ALSO FOUND WERE WHAT THE POLICE REPORT AS A LARGE, UNDISCLOSED QUANTITY OF MONEY AND DRUGS...
OH THAT'S REAL SWEET. LEAVING YOUR BOY THERE TO CATCH ALL THE HEAT.
TOO BAD I HAD TO LEAVE THE CASH, THOUGH, TO MAKE IT ALL WORK. LIKE A SIMPLE STICK-UP GONE BAD...
INSTEAD OF A SUCCESSFUL HIT.

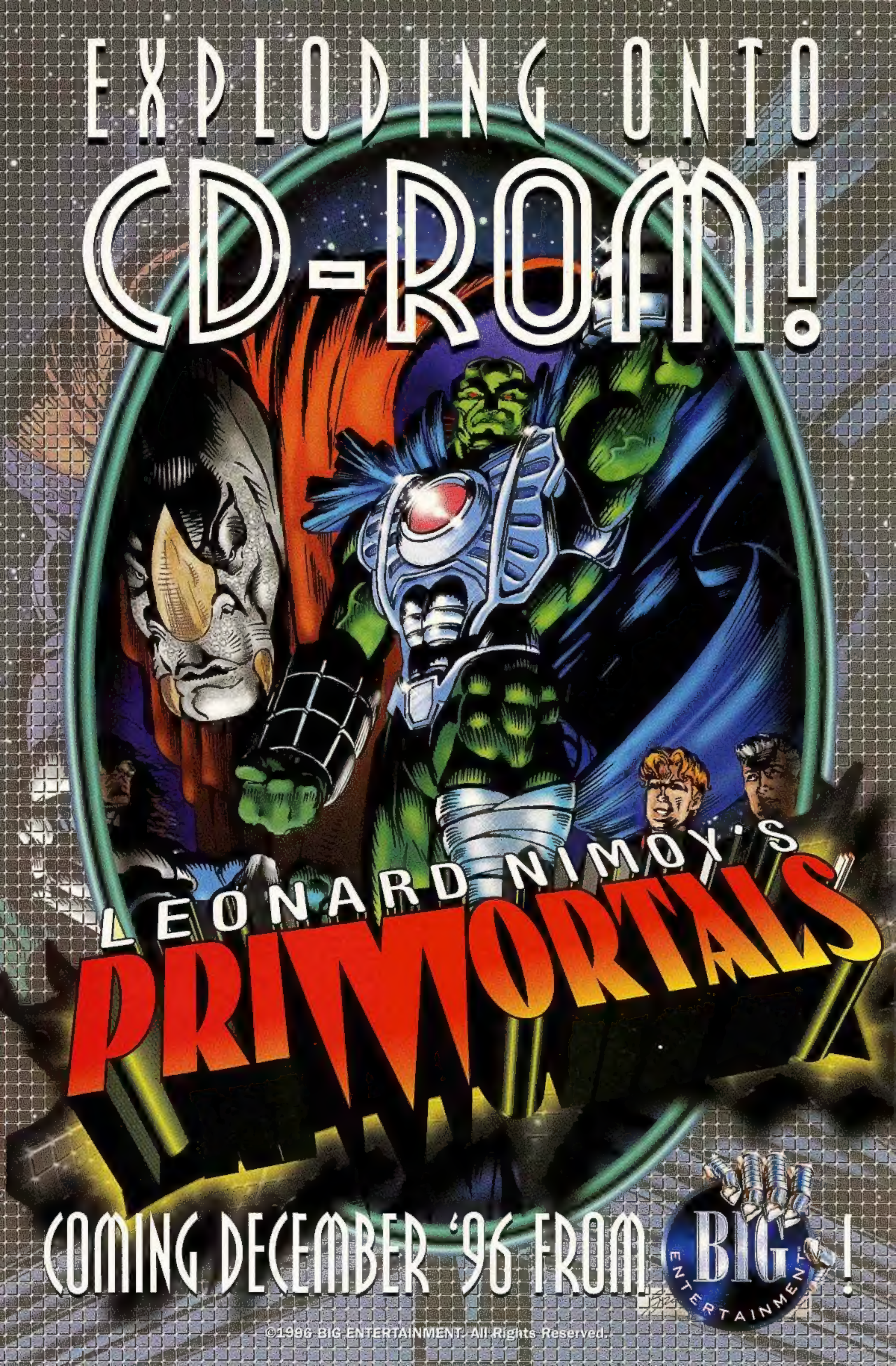

THEM COPS WON'T WASTE ANY TIME PORING OVER THAT PLACE, NOT FOR A ROOM FULL OF DEALERS. HEY, UH, WAS THERE ANY DOPE?
HELL, NO. YOU KNOW THEY ALWAYS LIE ABOUT THAT SHIT FOR THE PRESS.
VERY NICE WORK, CLAY. YOU MOREN EARNED YOUR FIFTEEN BUCKS.
IT LOOKS LIKE A RIP-OFF NOW, AND NOT A SIMPLE WIPE-OUT OF MY DOUBLE DEALING SCUMBAG PARTNERS.
KILLER
PICALOBE PILSNER
IMPORTED SUD
GREAT UNHEAVY TASTE
YOUR FORMER PARNERS.
KILLER
SALUT!


LOUN
I GOTTA GIRL WHO LIVES ON THE HILL...
...IF SHE WON'T DO ... IT...
WORKING STIFFS LOUNG
HEY BABY, HOW'D YOU FIND ME? FEELING BETTER?
OH, I'M FEELING PRETTY BAD.



TO BE CONTINUED...


MONEY, GUNS AND NEKKID LADIES
LADY JUSTICE
NUMBER 7
STORY AND COVER BY DANIEL BRERETON
PICTORIALS BY FRED HARPER
You're gonna have to hide this one from Mom.
Number Seven on sale in October.
BIG ENTERTAINMENT


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